

# Our Thick Skulls

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Summary: It's no secret that Dr. Cox gets protective of his Newbie. But he also gets jealous. JD is thrown on an emotional...ride of some sort..as they uncover their true feelings for one another in this epic tale of denial & discovery. Added to the mix some real scenes with my own SLASH interpretations with of course, some much needed continuation. JDOX is real. Tell your friends

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*\_Hello all! Thanks for checking this out, first of all. You're awesome. But you know what else is awesome? Fiction. Fiction is awesome because anything can happen in fiction land. It's my theory that JDOX is real. I actually think that Dr. Cox was written to be in love with JD, mask it by using girls' names, being hesitant to showing JD affection, being jealous when there's really no other explanations, and on top of all of that, JD is really the only one that can get through to the guy-he influences Dr. Cox in ways no one else has been able to. I think JD was actually written to be in love with Dr. Cox, and the obvious starter is that he's immediately obsessed and clingy towards him, gets jealous but plays it off by distraction via girls (which he always ends up sabotaging because it's not what he really wants, until finally, he settles), constantly wants to hug him, and be involved in his life. Nothing happens between them in the show, in theory, (my theory lol) because Dr. Cox is so shut off, hyper masculine, doesn't want to admit it and JD doesn't want to admit it to himself either or scare the older doctor away so he plays it off like he thinks of him as a father-figure, which further deters Dr. Cox. Call me crazy, idc I'm going to believe it anyway. I do not own Scrubs and have no way of knowing if any of that is forreal true.\_\*\***

**\*\*\_This is SLASH! If you don't like, don't read! Also, fair warning, mentions of bullying & suicide.\_\*\***

**\*\*\_No character deaths!\_\*\***

\*\*\_Thanks homies! (:\_\*\*

\*\*\_Starts off in Season 3, "My Fifteen Seconds"\_\*\*

\_JD POV\_

"Are you as into this as I am?" Danni asked me, nuzzled against my chest. "If I wasn't crazy about you, would I be willing to do this?" I responded, getting out of bed to do the naked chicken dance that my uncle Bart had taught me. "Oom oom dah! Oom oom pah pah!" I exclaimed, kicking my legs as Danni giggled at me. I thought to myself that life couldn't get much better than this. Here I was, dancing naked in front of a girl I just slept with at my mentor's apartment. Not to mention she was Perry's ex-wife's sister. Somehow I felt closer to Dr. Cox, having had sex in his apartment and within the family.

In the middle of my kicking, Dr. Cox barges in as I quickly cover my manhood, or what he would probably refer to as my ladyhood. "Ok! Now just because Jordan thinks it's cute that you're violating her little sister doesn't mean that you can use my guest room for your nerdy g-rated sex capades. And oh my god, what are you doing with my little boy you sick, sick bastard!" I looked down to see that I had grabbed a picture of Dr. Cox's son to cover my unmentionables, "My bad," I said, quickly grabbing a different picture to cover up. I might faint if he mocks me right now. \_Oooh I feel dizzy\_â€|Dr. Cox gawked at what now was a picture of him. "It's a beautiful shot of you," I said. He grabbed it out of my hands, "Come here," and began waving his finger at me, "You filthy, filthy boy!" Heading toward the door, he waved his finger at Danni, "Filthy girl! Filthy girl!" and slammed the door. Danni cooed my genitals, "Aww are you okay, lil buddy?" My eyes widened. \_Nooooooooo! Not only did Danni just refer to my lil buddy as lil buddy\_â€|ahh, now I'm saying it\_â€|But Dr. Cox just saw me in the nude doing something very embarrassing\_â€|\_

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

"I'm about to set a new record for projectile vomiting," I say, disgusted by Newbie and Danni's public saliva exchange as we stood outside of the hospital. "Come on. It reminds me of my sexiest kiss. Our honeymoon, standing waist-deep in the ocean. I think you were in at the bar," Jordan said, looking off into space. "Ookay, gotta go," I said, now feeling overwhelmed with repulsion. As I turned and saw Beatrices' eyes closed, eating her bimbo girlfriend's face off, a tidal wave hit me from the sight. I winced and I whacked Newbie on the arm, storming inside, "Come on!" Hearing a thud, and figuring that Candy ran straight into the automatic doors she enters every day, I turned to see him following after me, rubbing his head.

"You know, one time I hit my head so hard, I actually saw cartoon birds. Then I realized I was in pediatrics and it was just the wallpaper." He grinned. I stopped and turned. "Stunning. Look, Tammy, as far as your love life goes I couldn't care less who's laying your quivering body down by the fire while your lips whisper, 'No, no, no' but your eyes scream 'yes, yes, oh big daddy yes!' But when you're dating Jordan's sissy-poo it forces me to spend time with you outside of the hospital and I just won't have that, so heeere's the deal\_â€|don't wanna have dinner with you, don't want to go bowling with you, and I never ever again want to walk into my kitchen and

hear you say, 'Hey, it's waffle time, waffle time, won't you have some waffles of mine.'" Loretta sings the last line with me. "Bottom line, we'll be bestest friends for everest if you just keep your face out of my face. Uh-huh!" I flicked my hands at Newbie and left just to have him follow me straight into a patients' room and stand as close as he possibly can to me. I glare. "â€|What? She's my patient too," he said.

AAAAnd as luck would have it, my own personal demon dragged me out to a carnival with her, her sister, and Newbie. "Whack-a-mole" definitely let me get my frustration out. "Well you have done it. Instead of being at home drinking whiskey through my son's sippy cup, I'm actually at a carnival with you...surrounded by piles of manure, even though I've yet to see a single animal." I said. A pensive look overcame his face, with his hands on his hips, "That is weird."

"Uh-huh. I'll tell you what. How about we head on over there and if you can raise that hammer above your head with those chicken bones you call arms, I'll let you take a free whack at my dome." Well that didn't come out right. Newbie better not read into that. "First of all, I already raised the hammer and the only reason I didn't ring the bell is that the game is obviously rigged." Newbie explains, but is interrupted by a dad congratulating his small son for ringing the bell. "Look, the only positive thing about this situation is that it's driving you crazy and there's nothing you can do about it," he says and actually winks at me. My damn heart fluttered at his accusation, and I tensed, unable to speak. Newbie looks into my eyes for a moment without saying anything, and smiles at me. He turned and walked, without giving me time to react. When we began walking to the she-devils, anger began welling up inside of me. I'm going to make the kid pay for that. I am naawwt being driven crazy by any\_thing.

So, we got on the ferris wheelâ€|all four of us. In the same seat. Newbie was leaning girlishly towards Danni as I crept my arms crossed, fuming. "You know Danni, I think it's amazing that you're actually comfortable dating JD what with him having nailed Jordan and all." The ferris wheel jammed to a stop right at the stop as a man yelled that we'd be up there for an hour. I grinned delightfully as Newbie grabbed the railing, tensing in fear. "I don't feel so good," he says.

\_JD POV\_

After seeing how angry Danni was, but for a different reason, Dr. Cox actually felt guilty for trying to sabotage our relationship and all four of us went to dinner. However, we ended up having to cut it short to take care of a patient who was about to be discharged when she needed us the most. Danni and I decided to go our separate ways afterwards, it turned out she was feeling it more than me. I hugged my pillow, yawned and then sighed. Dr. Cox sure can be childish sometimes. I know that he doesn't want to see me but why did he take it that far? Well he is a good person even though he's childish or he wouldn't have made it up to us. But I mean, am I really that annoying to him? I know he doesn't hate me or he wouldn't of even of felt guilty to begin with. I swung my feet over the edge of my bed and made my way to the kitchen.

Carla came out of their room and greeted me before sitting on the

couch, "Morning, Bambi." I gave her a quick wave. Turk was eating some Cap'n Soft on the couch. He liked to let the Crunch sit in the milk because the dangerous cereal cut the roof of his mouth. "Hey Chocolate Bear, any of the captain left for me?" I asked, skipping to the fridge. "Go get you some of that captain goodness, my man," Turk replied with a mouthful. "Speaking of captain goodness," I began, as I went to sit next to him with my bowl, internally congratulating myself on my awesome segue, "Dr. Cox invited me, Danni, and Jordan to dinner the last night. He felt guilty for trying to break Danni and I up. Turk, why do you think he would do that? I mean why would he try to break us up?"

C-Bear looked over his bowl at me, with creased brows, "I don't know man. That man has some serious issues." I looked off pensively for a moment. "Yeah, guess he just doesn't want me around," I mumbled finally, shoving a spoonful into my mouth. "Oh please, if Dr. Cox didn't want you around then you wouldn't still be around by now." Carla chimed in. She did know Dr. Cox better than me, she'd known him longer. "But Carla, I'm his \_mentee\_, he has to be around me. He tried to \_break up\_ my girlfriend and I so that he didn't have to spend time with me outside of work," I reasoned. Carla shrugged at me, "But he felt bad about it. Maybe he was just jealous." Turk and I both stopped eating to stare at the crazy curly haired woman. \_Dr. Coxâ€|jealous? Was she sleep talking?\_ Why was my heart beating so hard? Carla started laughing as we continued to stare. "That was good, right?" she teased. I forced a laugh. Must escape situation. I abruptly got up to clean my bowl. Come to think of it, besides Jordan, Carla probably knew Dr. Cox better than anyone and even she didn't believe that. She \_joked\_ about it. Carla has never been a good practical joker. Waitâ€|but why does that bother me? I shook my head of my thoughts. \_Urgh, come on J-Dizzle, get a hold on yourself.

—

As I stood in front of my favorite urinal in the entire hospital, I imagined how all of the different people in my life act when they're jealous. I tilted my head and drifted off.

\_Carla and I are snuggled against each other on the couch and Turk walks into the apartment. "JD? Carla? What do you guys think you're doing?!"he exclaims. "Oh, we're in love now, SCB. Snooze you lose!" Turk huffs and storms out to go find powdery donuts. \_

\_Turk and I snuggled on the couch and Elliot walks in. "JD! What the frick! I can't believe that you would do this to me \*high pitched blabber that no one could possibly understand\*" and slams the door behind her.\_

\_Elliot and I are snuggled on the couch and Carla walks in. Aw who am I kidding, Carla would be the strong and silent type in that situation, but she would definitely slam the door on her way out.\_

I had been daydreaming for so long that I didn't notice when Dr. Cox had come into the bathroom and began vigorously washing his hands. Good thing I was done peeing or I would've stopped midstream. What's wrong with you Mr. Peeps? How could you even suggest such a thing? I blinked away the thought and scurried to go wash my hands next to him.

"Say, Newbie, when you use the bathroom do you always spend two hours hugging the potty after you're done just to hurry over next to me the

minute I make myself known or are you just on your period? Because, Nancy, I will gladly go ask a nurse for a tampon if you are that desperate for one that you feel the need to bleed yourself dry before going back to work," Dr. Cox rants as I bore my eyes into the side of his face.

He began drying his hands with a paper towel right as I finished washing my hands. I needed a towel too. I held my hands in the air and stared as he continued, "Sally, if you keep staring at me with those big puppy dog eyes, I will have to consider giving you up for adoption because I do not have the time or energy to take care of a needy pooch today."

I'm not that needy! Flustered, I hurriedly reached around him and dried my hands as quickly as I could, trying to make it out the door first so I could give a dramatic exit. "You know what, Dr. Cox, fine, I'll leave you alone. You won't have to be bothered by me anymore. From now on, you'll have the strictly professional relationship you've always wanted," I told him with wide eyes, hand on the door. Dr. Cox clasped his hands and looked upwards, "You've been listening. Thanks, big guy. Valerie finally got it through layers of her coconut moussed up hair, right through to her thick skull. Really, you've outdone yourself this time." I swung the door open and briskly walked away, seething. I hadn't been this angry in a while. I won't be able to keep up with this forever, but I'm going to hold out as long as I can. He'll break. I know he secretly wants me around. I know he'll break. I hope he breaks.

## 2. Chapter 2

Dr. Cox POV

A couple on the television squabbled as I mindlessly laid eyes on the screen, my hands on the back of my head. Newbie had declared independence from me before, but he was pissed this time. What brought that on? I already made up for the stinking sabotaging so what's up his butt? Whatever, maybe I'll finally get some peace and quiet. Ironically, Jordan decides to enter the break room. "Hey Perbear, why the arms on the head?" she asks and stands in front of the TV. Pretending I've been watching, I try my darnset to look around her. She crosses her arms. Wrong move. Jordan angrily turns off the television and turns back to look at me with raised eyebrows. "Does this have to do with DJ? Because if it does, I'm going to have to go get him a thank you card." I frowned at her, flicked my nose and crossed my arms right back at her.

"Jordan, Newbie would never be the reason I'm sulking especially when he just cut the umbilical cord attaching us. He used it to drag me through the hallways at his every whim, so uh noooo it does not have to do with what's her face," I protested. She was quiet for a moment and then spoke. "Well I just thought I'd let you know that Pablo and I are getting pretty serious and you've been boring me. So Jack and I are going to stay over my mom's until Pablo and I have enough money for our future honeymoon in Spain. So, you know, do whatever you want. We will send you a postcard," Jordan responded and started to leave. "Jordan!" I called but the door had just shut behind her. I sat in shock. What just happened? What the hell was she mad about this time?

I sat down at the lunch table behind Barbie, Carla, and the interracial lesbian couple, still hung over with a massive headache. Newbie poked at his food, but didn't eat it. Barbie began pestering him about it. Which, in turn, pestered me because I could hear it. "JD, when my mom left me alone with the nanny like she usually did, sometimes we would play Checkers, sometimes cops and robbers, but she'd always be there to scrub that little portion of my back that just itchedâ€|all of the time, and no one else would do that for me, I mean, I certainly couldn't reach it," Barboo said. "My mom wouldn't even scratch that spot for me if she was right next to me."

After a moment, Gandhi opened his big mouth, "â€|What are you talking about?" Carla chimed in, "I think what she's trying to say, JD, is that you need a new somebody around to help you out with your non-medical problems because clearly Dr. Cox isn't interested in that anymore." I furrowed my eyebrows, scowling lightly to myself. Clarissa is the one ignoring me for no reason! The damn girl hasn't said a word to me in the past four days! Except for passing on medical information. But god, she was even walking away from me during my rants, which annoyed me more than her trailing me everywhere. "Look I appreciate you guys being concerned about me, but honestly \_I'm fine\_, I'll deal. I don't \_need \_him or anyone else to scrub my back. I already have Chocolate Bear for my itchies when they itchâ€|y," Newbie managed, shoveling food into his mouth finally.

I was furiously full on staring at their pathetic little support group table at this point. \_Doesn't need me, yeah right.\_ He will eventually come running and crying to me, I was sure. All of their drabbling caused me to lose my appetite. I stood from my seat, scooting the chair back violently as I stood. They all stopped and looked at me, except Newbie. He knew I was there, and he refused to look. "Listen here, gossip girls, no one in this room cares about all of your rashes and who you can help to scratch them. But for the love of the atrocise cafeteria food, could ya puh-lease stop talking about them so the rest of us can eat?" I said, walking off, leaving my tray on the table.

That night, I decided to get equally as drunk as the previous night. Jordan had taken all of her stuff, taken my son, and gone to her mother's like she'd said. She just broke up with me over the phone, but much to my confusion, didn't tell me why. Jordan and I always told each other the truth, which is why we've always worked well together. The last thing she said before hanging up was, "Figure it out, Perry. You're a grown man so you better make up your mind eventually. But I'm not interested in being your fall back anymore."

I drank more than half a bottle of scotch, and found myself pacing most of the night. I was confused and angry that she didn't elaborate, but much to my disgust, I wasn't just confused and angry at her. That damn scrawny kid kept creeping into my mind, more so since he'd stopped following me around. Stopped talking to me. Or looking at me. What in the hell was he so mad at me for anyway? I crashed on my bed and drunkenly snatched my phone from the bedside table. I forgot to tell Newbie that Kelso told me that we were supposed to spend the next day in an ambulance together. I couldn't wait to torture him.

\_Dr. Cox (2:28am):\_ \_You. Me. Ambulance. Tomorrow. Bright and early, sunshine.\_

I lay my phone down on my bare chest, wondering why I didn't just tell him in the morning. I frowned at myself and jolted a little when I felt it vibrate.

\_Newbie (2:30am): Can't you take someone else?\_

I stared at the bright screen through blurry eyes. The room spun as my heart thudded loudly in my ears, which begged the question slurring from my mouth, "What did I do to her heiness?" Why am I making fun of the kid when he's not even here to hear it?

\_Dr. Cox (2:35am): Sorry, princess, Bobbo's orders. Stop with the silent treatment, you can't fool me. You should know this by now. I know you miss me.\_

After sending, I groaned and set my phone on the night stand permanently for the night. Maybe that'll be enough to get her out of the dumps. I don't loathe her presence as much as I put off, but that's the most she's getting. Several minutes later, after I had started dozing off, a response violently woke me. Instinctively, I grabbed it.

\_Newbie (3:04am): Do you miss me?\_

I stared at my phone, trying to wrap my head around his question.

\_Dr. Cox (3:06am): Go to sleep Newbie. No more stupid questions. You're keeping me up.\_

\_Newbie (3:07am): You're the one who texted me at three in the morning.\_

\_Dr. Cox (3:09am): Had to relay professional information there, Newbie. Missing you has nothing to do with it.\_

\_Newbie (3:10am): So you do miss me! I knew it. I miss you too, Dr. Cox.\_

\_Dr. Cox (3:11am): Nonononono, Lisa. I do nawt miss you. I like you best when you're as far away from me as possible, so I'm not looking forward to tomorrow.\_

\_Newbie (3:14am): Whatever you say. Goodnight, Dr. Cox.\_

Bewildered, I put my phone down. Oh well, at least we'd have to work together tomorrow and I can reiterate how much I did not miss him. At least the silent treatment was probably over, which I usually liked but found myself relieved that it was over. Hammered and more confused than ever, I fell asleep.

### 3. Chapter 3

\_JD POV\_

Dr. Cox was waiting for me with his muscular strong arms crossed in front of his chest, glaring me down from several feet away as I neared him. He looked even more like a superhero than I already

naturally thought of him as, because of his stance and the EMT jumpsuit we both were sporting. I imagined him as Batman (instead of Turk in my previous Batman and Robin fantasy), waiting outside his Batmobile to whisk us off to fight crime. "Morning sunshine!" I greet him, but in my mind, Catwoman greets him. As he grits his teeth at me and turns on his feet to step into the ambulance, I ponder briefly at my fantasy in confusion. I gaze at him as he turns the ignition. Mmmm he smells like fresh body wash and subtle though expensive cologne. "Let's just get this over with," he mumbles and starts to drive. Maybe he didn't miss me, I thought, looking out of the window. He turns on the sirens after getting the first call.

After a few moments of silence, other than the wee-woo, he groans. "Urghâ€|my head is pounding." He is nearly slumped over the wheel, his tired eyes in a squint. Concern catches in my brow, "â€|Are you hung over again?" Maybe I should drive, I thoughtâ€|. Although he was doing a pretty good job getting there in a hurry. Dr. Cox briefly glances at me at back at the road, "Is that a problem, Oprah?" His voice was gruff and more tired than his eyes. "You drunk texted me?" I blurted out, immediately mentally slapping myself. No, bad Dorian! He's not going to like that. Just as I thought I had ruined our little reunion excursion, all he said was, "Do we have any Tylenol in this screaming honky van?" Normally, he never missed an opportunity to berate me after such a question. He must've been really hung over, I thought, so I began rummaging around. The rest of the ride to our destination I decided to stay quiet so his head could get some peace.

We were headed to Rellington Elementary School. A second grader just had a seizure and the teacher was so hysterically upset that that's pretty much all of the information that was given to us. We arrived, I grabbed the gurney and Dr. Cox rushed to the playground. A little girl in a pink sweatshirt was lying next to the swings, flat on her back as the other little kids and a few teachers were crowded around her, unsure of what to do. "Alright people, get out of the way. Give her some room," Dr. Cox demanded, at her side in a flash. She was heaving pretty harshly and he secured her airway and I helped provide supplemental oxygen. The kids were watching in horror, some cowering behind the adults, a few were crying, and some just staring with wide eyes.

There was one curly haired boy there who looked like the blood had drained from his face and instead shock filled his features. He was standing the closest. Dr. Cox checked her vitals after her breathing was stabilized. Knowing he could handle the rest, I got up to speak with the teacher with the phone clutched to her shoulder. "Hello, ma'am. I'm Dr. Dorian. What happened here?" The petite red head was visibly shaken, no doubt the hysterical caller. "I thought it was harmlessâ€|I thought-I mean it's never gotten this far before," she stuttered. Just as I was about to urge her to give me details, she continued, "She-her name is Jennifer Nguyen. A boy who has been teasing her for weeks pushed her sideways on the swing and she hit her head on the rail a-and started having a seizure. Thank you for getting here so fast, doctor." Dr. Cox was checking her level of consciousness as I continued to speak with the woman about her condition.

"Ms. Jarrett?" The curly haired boy had tugged at her blue blazer sleeve, avoiding eye contact with her. "Is she going to be okay?" he asked. Ms. Jarrett's mouth was in a stern line as she replied grimly,



"I don't know, Harold. I hope so. Why would you do such a thing to your classmate?"

Harold looked down at his torn up converse, "She's always being such a girl. I was just messing with her. I didn't mean to hurt her!" I gawked at him in disbelief because he struck a chord with me. It's Dr. Cox as a third grader! "Harold, do you think this is funny? She could die from this! Do you realize what you've done?" she exclaimed. I briefly wondered if just a hysterical straight shooter should be teaching children. Tears began falling out of the little boy's eyes, but his face was scrunched up and angry, clearly trying not to cry and failing. He was ashamed of hurting her and ashamed of crying. I felt a little bad for him. "Newbie!" Dr. Cox called me over, urging me to get the gurney. As we lead her to the ambulance, Harold came running over to us.

"Wait! Jenny, I'm sorry! I'm sorry Jenny, I didn't mean to hurt you!" the kid still had an emotionally constipated look on his face. Before lifting her into the back, Harold grabbed her hand and gave Dr. Cox a pleading look. He flicked his nose and crossed his arms. "You did this?" he asked Harold. "I'm sorry Jenny, please be okay," he cried, ignoring his question. "Harold she needs to go to the hospital right away, you can make up to her when she gets back," I tell him patiently as we get her loaded into the back.

"W-What if she doesn't come back? Jenny, I like you! I really like you! I didn't mean to push you that hard. I-I was just teasing you!" he cried, furiously wiping the tears from his eyes. I shot a wide-eyed look at Dr. Cox. What? He has a crush on her? That's messed up! Dr. Cox glared back at me, "What are you doing, Dr. Dorian?! Get in and close the doors!" I quickly snapped out of it and did as he said. What was wrong with me? I can't let my thoughts get in the way of someone's well-being! Disgusted with myself, I made sure she was doing okay for the moment as I heard Harold follow Dr. Cox around the ambulance, to the driver's side. "She's just such a girl, you know? B-but I really didn't mean to hurt her! Honest!" he proclaimed. Dr. Cox swung the door open and climbed inside. He didn't respond to the kid, he just put the sirens on and drove away. I watched the sad boy watch us leave, and couldn't help but notice the strange stillness in the air.

I stood outside of Jennifer's room in pediatrics, where I usually didn't go. I watched her sleep soundly from the window, deep in thought. Could that be me one day? I mean, could things with Dr. Cox just escalate to the point where he hurts me physically? Wait! I can't really be considering that. He would never do that to me. I mean, I guess I wouldn't put it past him to punch me in the face. And did I just compare this situation with mine and Dr. Cox's? It's not like he has a crush on me and pushes me on swings. He's childish but he's not a child that much I knew. Why did Harold decide to tease her so harshly when he liked her? It didn't make any sense to me. When I really thought about it, that's not how you're supposed to treat someone that you care about.

Whilst talking to myself back and forth in my head, I hadn't notice Dr. Cox arrive at my side. "What do you say there, Julianne, should we go back and push the kid around?" I slowly turned to face him and glared. I glared at him with anger pouring from my baby blues, prompting him to look back at me with icy crazed eyes, crossing his arms.

"Whaaaaat is it, Trish?" he asked. That's it. That did it. "You know, \_Perry\_, abuse goes in cycles. We wouldn't be helping the situation by beating the crap out of a \_third grader\_," I snapped. His frown intensified, "Margaret, it's called a \_joooke\_. Aaand what did you just call me, Newbie?" Now I was beyond pissed. "I called you by your name, \_Perry\_. Something you should try sometime. And every joke has a little bit of truth to it so don't give me thatâ€|Why do you treat me like this? Constantly berating me and calling me girl's names. What are you going to do next, push me and give me a seizure? Because I gotta tell you, that's not how you should be expressing your care about someone. I care about you and I deserve some respect, \_doctor\_," I accused, feeling my face get hot from anger and embarrassment. Much to my surprise, Dr. Cox's face softened a little and just when he opened his mouth to speak, I jolted in the other direction, storming off for the second time.

He must've followed me because in the hallway not three minutes afterwards, Dr. Cox came up to me and patted me on the shoulder, "Sorry kid," he grumbled and left. I grinned. I knew how hard that was for him. So, I forgave him.

#### 4. Chapter 4

Dr. Cox wasn't some kid on a play ground. I wasn't a little girl getting pushed on the swings. He was my mentor who tormented me. I knew he still cared about meâ€|even if it wasn't in that way. Not that I would want him to care about me in that way. Things went back to normal. As the time went by, we remained the same. Turk and Carla got married, I was with Elliot, and then not, and then with Kylieâ€|and then not, Dr. Cox got back together with Jordan, I started teaching interns, Mrs. Wilks passed, and then Dr. Cox accidentally killed three patients and I had to go bring him out of the stupors. And then Jordan and Dr. Cox broke up again, and Dr. Cox was being extra mean to me. I couldn't handle it. We'd gone through so much over the years and he still has to treat me that way? I guess some things never change.

"Newbie! Get out of your head and back in the real world, Ariel. We have work to do," Dr. Cox whistled at me, hitting my shoulder as he brushed passed me. I stopped. He turned to look at me, with crazy angry eyes because I hadn't started following him. "What's your problem?" I yelled. He neared me quickly. "My problem is that you're not doing your job!" he exclaimed, crossing his arms. "Why have you been so mean to me lately?" I asked, feeling hurt and dejected. He just glared. "Forget it. See ya, Dr. Cox," I said, briskly walking off.

#### \_Dr. Cox's POV\_

The rest of that damn day, Newbie successfully avoided me, up until one of my patients asked to speak with him. I hunted him down and found him with the Janitor, next to the gift shop. I walked slower as I neared him, listening in on the craziness that was their relationship and also because I didn't want him to storm off again because I was headed toward him so quickly. "â€|I'll give you a hint, it's blue and now it doesn't work," the Janitor said, grinning at Newbie, who had his head tilted in lala land after his comment. Then something seemed to dawn on him and he turned his scowl at the stiff

in the jumper.

"Sasha? You have me so g-darn pissed right now!" he exclaimed. His lips pouted and his chest expanded and retracted quicker by the second. I raised my eyebrows at my observation and grimaced to myself. The Janitor just smiled smugly, "I thought you'd like that. My little treat for you ignoring my greeting today. Oh what, just because I'm a janitor I don't deserve a hello?" Newbie squeezed his eyes closed. "Are you really telling me that you messed with my scooter \_again\_? I've had a bad enough day, will you let off?!" and he stormed off from the Janitor, right towards me. He was so blindly angry that he didn't see me for a second. And then he did. "\_What\_?" he spat. I rested my hands in my pockets. "Your patient with the head trauma requested a Dr. Dorian, so I decided to hunt you down all over the hospitalâ€¦to find you running away from your number one bully," I told him, rolling my lips together. Newbie's lips hesitated to move before they stopped altogether. I once again had a visceral reaction to me taking note of her heiress' lips and shook my head.

The Janitor had walked up to our little conversation, smugly looking at me. "Hey man, its Friday, what do you say, the bar at 9?" I looked at him disgustedly, and then started to give my best pleading look to Newbie. He was looking off, and then huffed. "You sure you guys aren't just tag teaming me?" he asked, looking at me differently. It wasn't angerâ€¦it was hurt. I felt a twinge of guilt pang in my chest as I looked to the carpet. He didn't wait for me to respond. And left. Again. I groaned and placed my hands on my head. The Janitor had the audacity to laugh at me, which was \_nawt\_ a good idea.

"I will end you," I assured him, nodding ferociously. "You do realize that I just helped you?" he responded simply. I didn't think I could scowl any harder, but I could, "\_What\_?" The Janitor smiled warmly at me and put a hand on my shoulder. I gradually turned to look at it and then glowered at him. "I made you realize that you don't want him to be bullied or even have him think of you as a bully because \_you\_, good sir, care about him," he explained. I stared at him in confusion, "How is that helping \_him\_?" The Janitor lifted his hand from my shoulder.

And then he said something completely out of the blue that had me staring at him for longer than usual. "You're not his dad," he said, sticking his hands in his pockets. I snapped out of it, "What's your angle, big guy? I have made that very clear to Newbie that I am not, nor will ever be his \_father\_." The Janitor half smiled at me and tilted his head. Anger seethed through my whole body, making me hot all over. "He doesn't think of you as his father, you know that don't you?" he said. I gave him a dumb look. "Of course he does. Sally Sensitive shoves it in my face whenever she gets the chance and dangles it in front of me like candyâ€¦as if I would actually enjoy the candy that she eats. The girl eats candy bracelets for Christ's sake," I explained, trying to remain calm.

"He literally follows you around, tugging at your arm to get a hug. Every time he has a problem, he comes to you. You're his go-to. You \_could\_ get him to stop, but you don't. You try and fail because that's not what you actually want. It's not normal to text your dad 'I miss you' at three in the morning. And a son certainly wouldn't imagine him and you as a Catwoman and Batman, who are a coupleâ€¦by the way. I think he claims to think of you as a father-figure because he doesn't want to freak you out. I don't think he even realizes it.

But I know that he's scared of not having you around." My face grew hotter from something else now. I think that's the most I'd ever heard the guy say in one sitting. I wanted to speak but the words weren't even there.

"I read his diary he keeps in his locker and find out ways to torture him. Ha, he's such a girl. And c'mon, why would I help him? I take pride in humiliating him, that's my thing. And man diary is full of your guys' interactionsâ€¦from day one, I'm tellin' ya. Oh and uhâ€¦don't think I didn't notice you avoiding my statement by asking about him instead but it did just serve to prove my point. Also, I have plans tonight so no buddy bar time," he said. After gathering myself, I crossed my arms and laughed, "Ohh ho ho ho, listen here, \_buddy boy\_, if you keep bothering \_Newbie\_, I will personally put an end to your little game and boy, wouldn't you just like to know how. Buuuutt, I'm not going to tell ya, though I will tell you this: Stay out of our business or I'll haunt you for the rest of your natural born pathetic excuse for a life." I grunted and flicked my hand at him. The Janitor wasn't fazed, which only infuriated me more and I spun, briskly walking away from him. "Happy to help!" he called after me.

## 5. Chapter 5

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

It was bucketing down rain when I ended my shift at eight. It came out of nowhere so I wasn't prepared. Water soaked through my clothes and onto my car seat as I slammed my door shut and gripped the steering wheel. Lazy oaf thinks he knows me. I should've punched that smug look right off of his face. I stared out of my windshield and squinted through the foggy glass. Newbie was several feet ahead of me, trying desperately to start his scooter that the Janitor had toyed with. He didn't even sigh in defeat; he just tiredly started pushing it. As I look from him to my steering wheel, trying to avoid watching him, my eyes bolted South, startled by the deafening screeching crash in the nearest intersection. Newbie just kept pushing, but stopped to sneeze, followed by a heavy cough. That crazy bastard was going to get pneumonia. Why didn't he just call someone to come get him? I sat for a few minutes, until he was out of sight and ran a hand over my face. Alright, just go you big wuss. He'll be fine. I turned over the ignition and slowly started driving.

Newbie had his body hunched over his scooter as he fought against the current now surrounding his ankles. Stupidly, I had decided to follow him home to make sure he made it okay. He had made it two blocks outside of the hospital when a silver SUV whipped around me and splashed the poor kid, drenching him even more, if that were possible. I gritted my teeth, "Idiot."

He closed his eyes, as he stopped short and just stood there. And then he sneezed about five times, violently shaking his body as each one erupted from him. I groaned and pulled over, though he didn't seem to notice. I opened my door and shut it behind me. "Get in, Pamela," I called above the storm. He turned to look at me with exhaustion. "Have you been following me?" he yelled back. I scowled, crossing my arms in the street. He turned away from me and seemingly used all of his strength to push the scooter again.

I ran up next to him and put my hand on his shoulder. Newbie stopped abruptly and looked from my hand to my face in shock. "Yeah, Newbie, I followed you. Let me give you a ride so you don't get pneumonia and miss weeks of work," I explained, unintentionally feeling my face soften at his pink stained face. Water splashed on his eyelashes and practically bounced off. He raised his eyebrows at me, "You were worried about me?" I snatched my hand away from his shoulder and nodded at my Porsche. He stared at me as I felt my face flicker between emotions then settled on anger, "Put your scooter behind the seats if you can manage that," I said and began briskly walking back to my car. I opened the passenger door and pulled the seat forward and down. Newbie stood behind me, ready to get his scooter in my precious car.

I took over, basically maneuvering it in by myself, although he made a feeble attempt to help. "Go on the other side and bring the chair down, would ya?" I asked loudly. The rain was only getting heavier. I knew we had to hurry.

"Feel like a sardine. But I wouldn't eat me right now," Newbie said as he wiggled around in the passenger seat, grinning to himself, immediately sneezing afterwards. Ignoring his comment, I began driving. All of my concentration was going towards successfully driving on the flooded roads in the dark. He searched his pockets for something. Laila began panicking silently, with her hands gripped on her knees. "Umâ€|Dr. Cox?" he said meekly.

"Liiiiiittle busy here, Newbie."

"I don't have my keys..."

We had arrived at a stop light. I gazed at him, seeing the fear in his eyes and felt a sigh ripple through me. "What do you want to do?" I asked him. Suddenly, the girl's eyes sparkle with excitement, but she holds back. "Couldâ€|would it be alright if I crashed at your place just for the night? I promise I won't bother you," he managed. "Don't make promises you couldn't pah-haa-si-bly keep, Ryna." I said frankly.

The light turned and we began again. We were close by my apartment. Good timing, Newbie. I frowned to myself for being less bothered than expected. "I can sleep on the couch," he mumbled. "Well \_of course\_ you're going to sleep on the couch, Mariah. Did you really think I'd let you dirty up my sheets with your cheap perfume?" He perked up, smiling from ear to ear as I pulled into the parking lot and into a parking space. "I've always dreamed of having a sleepover with you, Dr. Cox. I'd always imagined us drinking some alcoholic root beer as we played the game of my choice. Scrabble, of course. And then I'd beat you, which, as you know, you wouldn't be happy about .Then we'd wrestle over who really won and we'd end upâ€|" He stopped mid sentence as I fixated a wild stare on him.

\_JD POV\_

Oh god, I almost just told him about the disturbing dream I'd had. Well, in hindsight it was disturbing, but I woke up from it having to take care of Mr. Peeps. That didn't mean anything though, any sex dream I'd ever had gave me morning wood, even though I didn't always do something about it. But I almost just \_told\_ him about it. What is \_wrong\_ \_with\_ me? I never told Carla, gift shop girl, Laverne, or

Tasty Coma Wife about my sex dreams with them. I guess I did end up telling Elliot. What does that \_mean\_? As I stared at his dashboard trying to figure myself out, his sharp whistle snapped me out of it. "Earth to Raven, time to go, princess," he said, getting out of the car and slamming the door before I had a chance to react.

We silently made it into his apartment, which smelled comforting to me, making me feel homey despite how crappy I felt. I stood in the doorway as Dr. Cox walked off into the kitchen and started making tea. Isâ€|he making \_me\_ tea? I was too baffled to move, that and I didn't know what to do with myself. I was soaked. "Dr. Cox?" I prompted, fiddling with my hands. "Newbie, go to the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up. I don't want you getting mud all over my castle, Snow White," he responded, not looking at me. Quickly taking advantage of the opportunity, I hustled to the bathroom.

I leaned on the closed door and stared at my reflection. Other than my nose, I \_was\_ Snow White. Stripping down, I got in the shower and tried to figure out the hot water. Every new shower you get into is like trying to crack open a safe, you gotta dial it just right or you're going to set off the alarms. In this instance, the alarm would be my body. As the hot water hit my slimy skin, I imagined me trying to rob a bank but my fantasy was interrupted by my realization of where I was. \_I'm naked in Dr. Cox's shower right now! I'm staying the night and he's making me tea! \_I turned the temperature down, feeling hotter suddenly. \_Ok, J-Dizzle. Don't say anything to get you kicked out. You cannot mess up this night.\_

I happily lavished myself with his body wash and shampoo. It felt intimate using his loofah, and I knew he would mind so I told myself that I'd just get him a new one. "If you're happy and you know it clap your hands," I sang and clapped, dropping the loofah. I bent to pick it up. "If you're happy and you know it and you really wanna show it, if you're happy and you know it clap your hands," I clapped, dropped the loofah again and picked it up. \_Where did I see that from? Oooh yeah, the Josie and the Pussycats live action movie. Still great after the 10\_\_th\_\_ time.\_ \_My ex Danni looks a lot the drummer in that movie. I wonder if I have a doppelganger. \_After rinsing off, I pulled the shower curtain to the side and stepped out. I searched for a towel to dry off with and found some in the cupboard. Wrapping the blue towel around my firm mutton, I realized I didn't have a change of clothes. \_Oh well, he's given me a physical before so it's not like he hasn't seen me naked, \_I reassured myself.

Regardless, I hesitantly made my way into the doorway. Brewed tea was sitting on the counter in the kitchen as Dr. Cox flicked through channels, his arm laying on the back of the couch. "Do you have some jammies that I could borrow?" I asked. He turned and looked me slowly up and down. Without saying anything, to my surprise, he got up and headed toward me. I backed into his room so that he could enter. Dr. Cox pulled open his dresser drawer and threw a long black t-shirt and grey plaid pajama bottoms at me and walked out of the room.

I sat down on the couch next to him, carefully holding the tea he'd made me. Dr. Cox had his arms crossed as he avidly stared at the television. It was just a commercial. I couldn't help but stare at him. He glanced at me and back to the TV. "Yes, Jasmine?"

\_Why are you being so nice to me? Is what I almost said. But that just would've triggered a rant. I rethought my response to tread

carefully.\_

I took a moment to respond. "Thank you," I said simply. I sipped my tea as he ignored my gratitude. Dr. Cox turned it to a channel that was playing Sanford and Sons! "Can we watch this? Turk and I love \_Sanford and Sons\_," I reasoned. He set the remote down and went back to crossing his arms. I could tell that he was tired, and so was I. We didn't really say anything, just a bunch of me reciting quotes with the actors and him shooting me fake judgmental glances and groaning at me. I knew that if it actually bothered him, he'd of been fed up by now and turned the channel or left. But, he didn't. He ended up uncrossing his arms and laid his left arm on the back of the couch behind me. I tried to suppress my obvious grin when he did that. My tummy felt warm from the tea he made me and I only sneezed twice the entire show.

Afterwards, the station began playing \_Welcome Back, Kotter\_ and I had to set my tea down, I was laughing so much. "This is too good, Dr. Cox. I mean, what are the odds that this would play. Do you still have that shirt I made you?" I barely managed to ask through my laughter. "You know, I gotta say there, Newbie. That \_was\_ pretty good," he said. Our eyes met as his mouth curled in the corners. That didn't seem like sarcasm. Am I dreaming? He's never been this nice to me, I mean he just smiled at me and it wasn't sarcastically. \_Breathe, don't forget to breathe\_. I opened my mouth to speak but nothing came out. About ten minutes into the episode, my exhaustion was finally kicking in again and I felt myself sinking into the couch. I kept glancing at Dr. Cox, noticing he looked like he was going to knock out too. My eyes began drooping and it was getting harder to pay attention to the show. Halfway through the episode, sleep claimed me.

## 6. Chapter 6

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

As soon as Newbie fell asleep, he slumped closer to me. I couldn't help but examine his face since it was inches from me. The kid tries so hard to please me most of the time. Newbie's fluffy hair tickled my arm, which only frustrated me because I didn't want to push him away. Not then and notâ€|really at all. \_Goddamn it, why are you so soft? \_I thought, staring at his mouth that was left hanging open a little. His chest rose and sunk as he fell into a deeper state of sleep, clearly very comfortable. I furrowed my eyebrows at my own comfort and looked back down at him. I almost let him walk home in a sneezing in a storm after he had been ignoring me all week. I dropped my arm around his shoulders and let his face fall onto my chest. I closed my eyes, insisting that I fall asleep as an excuse in case Sleeping Beauty wakes up. Drifting towards sleep, I felt his arm circle around me. I squinted down at him, seeing that he appeared to still be sleeping. Lazily, my hand dropped to his waist, my face settled against his head and very quickly, I fell asleep.

\_JD POV\_

\_My nose tingles.\_ I crack my eyes open and they immediately go wide as my heart began racing. \_Dr. Cox's lap?\_ I thought wildly, slowly realizing what we were doing. My ear was pressed against his belly, my arm laying across his lap, dangerously close toâ€|him. But more

importantlyâ€|his left arm was wound around me, with his hand touching the bare skin that my shirt had exposed, and...his other hand held on my arm that was strewn across him. I couldn't help it. A big cheesy grin slid across my face, but I forced myself to drop it. \_How did this happen? I don't remember cuddling up against him. Does that mean he initiated it?\_ I was so curious that I couldn't stand it. But, a big part of me really didn't want to move and ruin the moment.

After a couple of minutes, I sat up, causing both of his hands to fall off of me as his eyelids lifted slowly. Once he realized he was awake and that I was staring at him, he frowned. "Hillary, you're not pretty when you stare," he mumbled. "Dr. Cox, I'm a man. And you were cuddling me," I said, realizing I didn't want to poke the bear only after my sentence came out. I gave him my crazy eyes even more so when he responded the last way I would've expected him toâ€|.he laughed.

"Now \_that\_ is stretching it Newbie, do I need to remind you of all of the man cards you lost?" I just stared, unable to speak. He didn't deny that he was cuddling with me, which must've meant he knew he was doing it. \_Chill out heart, if you pump any faster, I'll implode!\_ Dr. Cox looked at me with a calm face, unmoving. I needed to calm down or he was going to push me away, so I stiffly moved to sit next to him. But, I couldn't find any more words. I just stared sideways at him as he returned the stare. Just as I opened my mouth to speak, he stood up.

"Well, I'm going to bed, Aurora. Dooooon't stay up too late worshipping me because we have to get up bright and early," he said, grabbing a blanket from hall closet and throwing it at me. Right after I caught it, I sneezed three times in a row and grabbed my neck in pain. \_Jeez the wheeze my neck is going to fall off of my bodyâ€|so\_\_\*\* that's\*\*\_\_ how I'll become floating head doctorâ€|\_I tilted my head, imagining. Dr. Cox was suddenly walking briskly to me and whistled, snapping me out of my daydream. "Heuh-alright, Anna, go take my bed. You're not going to sleep your pasty sick self better on a couch. God knows how many patients you'll kill with that cold," he told me, sitting back down. Frozen, I gawked. \_Heâ€|he's offering me his bed!\_ "But I don't want to get you sick," I protested. He raised his eyebrows, "Hate to break it to ya there, Newbie, but it's a little late for that. Now get." I felt my face flush. Slowly, I started standing. "Go, go, go, go," he urged, causing me to do a little run to his bedroom.

I crawled into his bed after turning off the light and snuggled up under the covers. \_Mmmmâ€|smells like him.\_ While snuggling his pillow, I realized something. I feel somethingâ€|An overwhelming feeling. I can't pretend to not know what it is anymore. I rolled back onto my back and looked to the empty side of the bed. He's already done so much for me. If I keep expecting more from him, I'm always going to be disappointed. Realizing that though, didn't stop me from wishing he was lying next to me. Disappointed, I slammed my eyes close and willed myself to sleep.

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

The ceiling really wasn't that interesting. But my eyes were locked on it like target. My arms started aching from being behind my head so long and I sighed. I could picture what Newbie was doing in



thereâ€|probably rolling all over my spacious bed with it all to himself, snuggling my pillows and sniffing them with his dirty snotty nose. Groaning, I tried closing my eyes. Instead of falling asleep, Newbie crowded up my mind space too. He seemed shocked when he woke up on me, like he didn't know he was doing it. Hell, maybe he didn't. But I did. Am I so lonely since Jordan left that I'd cuddle Newbie? That's not it. Jordan leaving wasâ€|a reliefâ€|except the fact that she took my son, who is currently probably being forced to participate in bathing in the blood of the innocents as a sacrifice to please his devil-mother. I did love her, but those feelings had passed a while ago.

I rolled to my side, breathing deeper in an attempt to distract myself from any more unwanted thoughts. The Janitors ridiculous speech replayed in my head. As much as it pains me to admit it, the guy made a lot of sense there. There's no question in me being the kid's go-to. But he writes about me in his diary? I mean that's justâ€|too much. The ceiling and my eyes made reluctant friends again as I ran my hand over my face.

I recalled my actions with Danni and him a few years ago and groaned at myself. Just a pile of bad moves on my part. Neena, who used him as a boy toy, made me want to slug the stupid lawyer in the face. And then bimbo Barboo, who is far too selfish for someone like Newbieâ€|became interested in someone who was nawn JD and I practically shoved them together. But I'm just looking out for Newbie, these nasty women are just going to hurt the poor kid.

The Janitors' speech wouldn't leave me be, "I think he claims to think of you as a father-figure because he doesn't want to freak you out. I don't think he even realizes it. But I know that he's scared of not having you around." Newbie does all but ask me to sign adoption papers. Like that time when the word had got out to the interns that I was some loving, supportive mentor and Newbie walked in on my sarcastic affirmation with one of them. He got insanely jealous. He flipped. I frowned. He'd kept a pencil I'd given to him on his first day.

"â€|.You handed it off to me like a tiny yellow baton, like you were trying to say to me, JD, you are the new me, you are my mentee, youâ€|are my son," he said. But then he tackled one of the interns because he thought I had nicknamed them with a girl's name. I mean, hell, it's not like the kid is some jealous crazy nutjob though. Whenever Ben was around, he seemed happy for me that I had someone to buddy around with, but he definitely wanted to be involved. I furrowed my eyes and sighed sadly at where my thoughts were taking me. And thenâ€|when Ben died, Newbie was there for me whenever I needed him the most. What am I saying? Need Newbie? I just stared at the couch. Newbie stared at Ben and I during our cancer conversation and the kid butts in with, "You are such a stud." I raised my eyebrows. I'd forgotten that. God, not to mention, that time when he came up to me staring at my crotch. Had to whistle at him just to get him to look at me in the eyes. Knowing that kid though, he could have been thinking anything. I gave a big huff, sitting up. My back was killing me. I stretched a little and turned around to look at my bedroom door. Refusing to let Newbie's psychotic behavior keep me from my precious shut eye, I laid back down.

\_JD POV\_

I kept going in and out of sleep, crazy anxious about the fact that I was sleeping in Dr. Cox's bed. Sick, at that. I rolled onto my side and stared into the blackness. I let my eyelids fall, trying to picture sleeping in my own bed to quiet my silly not-yet-floating head.

Weight pressed into the bed beside me, causing my eyes to shoot open and my heart to stop. \_That's gotta be Dr. Cox! Right?! A robber wouldn't do that! He's getting in bed with me?! \_I felt him shift, pulling the covers over him as I felt the body heat under the blanket intensify. I tensed, paralyzed with shock. I managed to turn around slightly to make sure it was him. It was. He was looking at me through squinted, sleepy eyes. "â€|Do you want me to go sleep on the couch?" I said above a whisper. Dr. Cox tiredly rose his eyebrows. "Do whatever you want, JD," he said gently and closed his eyes. My eyes widened at him.\_ He called me by my name.\_ I could hear my heartbeat in my hot ears. I'm really glad it was so dark because I was probably so red. My body was hot all over. I turned back around, clutching the pillow.

A couple minutes had passed, though I could tell I wasn't going to be able to sleep any time soon. How was I supposed to sleep with \_Dr. Cox\_ lying next to me? My thoughts came to an abrupt halt. His strong arm slowly began circling around my waist. I was sure I was going to scare him off from my heaving breathing. \_I never thought this would happen! â€|.Did I want this to happen? \_I looked down at his arm cradling me and his vein-y hand pressed against my belly lightly. \_He couldn't have fallen asleep that fast. Unless he's narcoleptic and I'm pretty sure he's not. Ugghhh what do I do!\_ I squeezed my eyes shut and decided. He wants a cuddle. I'll give him a cuddle. \_JD\_ style. I grabbed a hold of his arm so he couldn't retrieve it as I turned around to face him. Dr. Cox's eyes were closed but he didn't fool me. I slid my arm around his muscular torso so that we were both holding each other. I inhaled his scent deeply, gazing at his grey t-shirt against his close chest. \_Hah! I knew I'd get a real hug out of him!\_

We stayed that way for so long my eyelids were getting heavier. I allowed my head to fall on his chest, right under his chin. Dr. Cox kissed my forehead. I tensed at his response and then clutched him tighter. He pulled away from me slightly to look me in my eyes. I'd never seen them so soft, yet serious and there was...something else in them. I parted my lips to speak and before I could get anything out, Dr. Cox leaned in closer and brushed his lips over mine. He kissed me, sending electricity down to my toes. It was slow and passionate. He cupped the side of my face with his fingers brushing my ear too. He rolled ontop of me. A moan escaped me as his tongue came into contact with mine. I scooted back a little, in fear he would feel how suddenly hard I was. But he wouldn't allow it and thrust toward me gently. Shocked by the rock hard Dr. Cox pressed against \_my\_ arousal, I pulled out of his kiss. We were both breathing heavy as our mouths parted. "You gonna be okay, Newbie?" he asked me softly. I nodded, grabbing his face, pulling it toward me again.

Keeping one hand on my face, he glided the right down my chest and stuck his warm hand under my shirt. Dr. Cox lingered his mouth over

mine as we gazed at each other with darker eyes. He lightly kissed me as his hand had made it to caressing the hem of the pajamas he'd lent me. My mentor froze and looked into my eyes for a long moment. \_Please don't feel me trembling and stop now! \_I panicked. My loins ached against his. His big hand was resting on my hip as he just looked at me. So I spoke. "You're finally touching meâ€¦don't abort now and recede. You have to finish the mission," I whispered. Recognition flicked in his eyes and a slight furrow formed between his eyebrows. It's likeâ€¦he was remembering who his was making out with. I internally kicked myself as he started pulling away from me with a slight scowl. I lowered my hands to right above his butt, going wild with need. "\_Please Perry\_", I breathed. He looked to of come to full realization and still he carefully lunged back to me, kissing me deeply. He started pulling my long sleeve shirt off and tossed it.

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

The kid's hair ruffled from me helping him to get his shirt off. His full lips met mine, as he scrambled to get my shirt off. I took control of handling that and whipped it off to the ground in one sweep. I had to stop and really look at him again. Newbie's hair a mess, lips and cheeks pinked up, and his whole body seemed to ache toward me. I couldn't stand it anymore. I leaned back toward him swiftly, pressing my frantic lips against his. Our bare chests breathed heatedly as I dragged my kisses alongside his cheek and down to his neck. I kissed, licked and bit until a moan erupted from him, arching his body. I edged down his damn stubborn pajama bottoms and then began pulling them off of his legs as I lifted them into the air. We didn't break eye contact and went back to his mouth. \_God, this kid tastes like Candyopolis.\_ Newbie's aroused and bare body pressed against me. He clutched my hips, poking fingers into my pants as I slid my hands into his hair.

His legs scooted my pants down, as he pulled the fabric over my penis so he could get them down. He did it slowly as he grazed the tip, causing me to twitch. I inhaled sharply. It was agonizingly drawn out. Our tongues licked against each other as he'd managed to get them all of the way off. Instantly, I grabbed the length of him and deeply stroked him. I sped up slowly, watching pleasure pour all over his features. I slowed, as I smiled at the pleading look on his face. With the other hand, I glided my fingers inside of him one by one, until there were three inside, to get him used to the idea.

Newbie's mouth fell open as noises escaped. My cock was throbbingâ€¦I thought I might explode just watching him writhe beneath me like that. I reached over and grabbed lube. I gently rubbed it on him as he quivered beneath, watching me. I grabbed a condom and rolled it on quickly. I pressed myself at his entrance, looking for any signs of distress. I forced myself to go in slowly, yanking him faster, kissing him harder. His hands were cupping my face, pulling me closer and closer. I pushed myself all the way in, and a moan of pain mixed with pleasure echoed in my ears, dropping my hands to his thrusting hips.

I finally let go and pounded against him as he started getting loud. I necked him as he shouted, trying to restrain from coming too early. But that became increasingly hard when he looked me in the eyes, then down to our connected bodies and looked back up at me as if excitement over the realization of what was happening just then

washed over him. He smiled at me as he continued to moan. I kissed him and left my face over his. I began pumping his erection slower and thrust against him softer to tease him. Newbie practically squirmed. I wanted prolonged our endings to keep us together longer. But I was gonna lose it soon. "Perry," he moaned into my ear as I kissed the side of his face intensely. "I love you," Newbie breathed. I slammed into him, jerking him off aggressively, not breaking eye contact with him as I started to come into him. His hot liquid shot out over our stomachs as he screamed my name. Newbie dug his fingers into my ass, gazing at me with happy eyes. I cradled his face, still finishing, thrusting deeper and slower. "\_JD\_", I moaned heavily, releasing completely.

We panted, staring at each other. I stayed inside of him as he studied me. I pushed his hair back with my hand and kissed him meaningfully. I pulled out as he gasped. He closed his eyes for a moment and swallowed. "I meant it," he said firmly. I chuckled slightly, causing confusion to wash over his face. "Goddamnit, kid," I said. Disappointed started to appear on his face now and I leaned in, kissing his cheek. That damn soft cheek. "I love you too, JD," I whispered. His arms embraced me in a hug as I still lay on top of him—his pool of semen still sat between us.

I rolled off of him, closing my eyes. Newbie searched for something to clean himself up and ended up having to get up and go to the bathroom. He didn't come back after a second like I thought he would. He was in there for a few minutes, probably talking to himself in the mirror.

Finally, after I had turned the light off and rolled onto my side, he came crawling into bed with me. This time, his arm looped around me and I felt moist lips press on my shoulder. "What happens now?" he mumbled. I rolled my eyes and then rolled to face him. Newbie darted his eyes from mine in the dark. He was scared. "Weeeelllll, if it were my guess, I'd say \_this \_is happening now," I said frankly. "—You're not going to pretend like nothing happened in the morning, right?" he managed, not looking at me. "C'mon, do I really have to spell it out for ya? You know there's no way that I could pull that off, Francesca. Besides, don't peg me for someone who throws those words around lightly," I said, getting the attention of those puppy dog eyes.

His eyes sparkled, giving me a cute grin. "So you finally caved, huh?" he teased. "Newbies had his talking time now," I mumbled back, pulling him into my chest. "I'll take that as A YES," he exclaimed underneath my chin. "I \_will\_ shut you up if I have to, Donna, and it will \_nawt\_ be how you want," I warned. Newbie laughed a little, nuzzling against me, showing me he didn't believe me. "Goodnight, \_lover\_", he taunted. "Night, princess," I replied sarcastically, immediately beginning to drift to sleep.

## 8. Chapter 8

\_JD POV\_

I awoke from my slumber down under—rubbing my neck. Ouchypies. Too much cuddling—for the entire night. I was so happy I almost stared laughing, but I suppressed it and turned to see if he was still there. My heart dropped—he. for he was not. But he had to of been

still in the apartment. He wouldn't just leave me here with no way of locking the door behind me. I sat up, rubbing my eyes and groaning at the sudden realization of how badly my bum hurt. \_My mutton isn't used to all of that actionâ€¦\_ I chuckled and snapped up, noticing the fully dressed Dr. Cox standing before me. He tossed my own freshly cleaned scrubs at me. They were warm. \_He got up early and cleaned these for me?\_ My cheeks were hot suddenly. \_God, am I going to start blushing at everything he does now?\_

"Better put those on, Newbie. We have to be at the hospital in fifteen minutes," he told me, crossing his arms. "Thanks. I don't know what I'd do without you. Probably be floating down stream, hugging onto Sasha for a floatation device," I said. "I'll be in my car. So you better get your butt down there in five or I'm leaving without you," Dr. Cox said, trying to be menacing. "But it hurts so much," I reasoned. \_And what about locking the door?\_ He turned, about to head out of the room. "Wait, Dr. Cox." I ran in front of him, only just then realizing that I was in the nude. I covered up, causing him to raise his eyebrows at me.

"Do weâ€¦|Do I have to keep this a secret?" I asked worriedly. Dr. Cox inhaled, trailing his eyes down my pale body and back to my face. "I don't \_care\_ what you do, Newbie," he responded. Excitement filled me and I flung my hugging naked body at him. It took him a second, but I felt strong arms hug me back. His hands began slowly running up and down my back, settling on my hips. \_Oh no.\_ Just the simplest of contact made me hungry like the wolf. My penis pressed into his as we hugged. I felt his swelling against me too and I pulled away slightly to kiss his cheek. A pleasure noise left his throat, leaving my hips to grab my face. Dr. Cox kissed me. I could feel the want in his eager lips, which made me harder. He took me by the shoulders and threw me back down on the bed.

He kissed me vigorously on the mouth and lead downward. Every spot he kissed tingled. The hands clenching my buttcheeks almost sent me off by itself. "Dr. Cox, we're going to be late," I moaned as he reached my shaft. He put me in his mouth, causing me to cry out.

I watched my mentor, remembering how much he picked on me. But in reality, he just wanted to do this. "Oh god," I moaned, closing my eyes and throwing my head back. He intertwined his hand with mine as the other one was fondling my butt. I squeezed his hand and with the other, grabbing his curls. "I'm gonna-" I warned, unable to be quiet in the least. I thrust into his working mouth, coming hard. Dr. Cox sucked me up, squeezing my butt and licked my cock. He left me dangling, sunken into the bed. He toppled over me and grinned lopsidedly, licking his lips. I leaned forward and smooched him, cupping his beautiful face. "Put your damn clothes on before I lose it all over you," he warned darkly, nearly glaring and got off of me. I got dressed very quickly without speaking a word as he sat on the bed, stealing glances at me. Then we rushed to his car together.

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

Newbie would not stop looking from my erection to my face the entire ride to the hell-hole. We finally pulled into a parking lot and I turned my car off. I looked at my watch. \_Oh. We still have ten minutes before we need to be clocked in. Jesus how fast did I drive here?\_ Well it's not like I could concentrate with a hot chick

sitting in my passenger seat staring at my penis. I frowned at Newbie, but he smiled, leaning into me. He kissed me, sliding his hand down my scrubs. Wrapping his hand around me, he began jerking me off. Anyone could walk up any minute and see what we were up to. His hand was so warm. Newbie's stupid scent filled my nose as I brought my hand to his head full of thick hair. He stopped kissing me and put his mouth up to my ear as he pulled me faster. I felt his hot breath on my neck as his chest pressed against mine. I breathed heavily, inevitably thrusting into his palm. "I only want to touch you. Everyone else has always just been a distraction to keep myself from going crazyâ€|from not being able to touch you," he whispered. Admittedly, I came into his hand, moaning louder than I had been the night before. He planted kisses on my neck, taking his hand away from my throbbing business.

I looked down to my bottoms, which were completely soaked. I closed my eyes in frustration. Well, that's one way to tell everyone. Newbie noticed what he had done and his eyes widened. "This is why I don't let you touch me, Newbie," I told him sternly. He bit his lip trying not to smile and frantically went through his backpack. I winced when he pulled out a pair of scrub bottoms. Damnit, kid, I washed your clothes and you already had an extra pair? Well they do look damp from the rain soaking his backpack last night. I snatched them from him and motioned with him to leave with my eyes. "Try not to walk around like I'm still buried in that firm ass of yours," I said. Newbie quickly pecked me and leapt out of my car. Once I started smiling away like a damn fool, I couldn't stop.

## 9. Chapter 9

\_JD POV\_

Dr. Cox complimented me on my ass. Today was going to be a good day. Finally, someone appreciated my firm mutton as much as I did. He appreciated it so much he appreciated it over and over last night and now I can't walk right. Worth it! I leaned over the Nurses' station, greeting Carla. "Bambiâ€|you're glowing. What has you so sunny this morning? And why are you walking like you have a stick up your ass?" she prompted, standing close to me. I blushed, leaning away. It was still so heavily in my mind that I couldn't talk about it yet. I mean, I still hadn't washed my hand, which was still warm and wet from the contact.

"N-nothing. Nothing out of the ordinary happened at all, Carla," I insisted. I walked over to the sink and began washing my hands and returned to where I was standing. Suddenly, I was joined by Dr. Cox, whose arms were crossed as he stared at Carla. "Is that so, Newbie? I didn't realize sleeping with me was an ordinary occurrence for you, hot stuff," he said. My heart froze and I turned to him in shock. Carla and everyone within hearing distance either stopped what they were doing to look at us or continued doing their task, but very distractedly. Turk had apparently walked in on the comment before I even noticed he was there. "Whoa, dude, is that some kind of sick joke? Because that's going way too far," Turk said, sticking his hands out. I fiddled with my hands before feeling Dr. Cox grab one of them and intertwine his fingers. "Itâ€|is notâ€|a joke, Gandhi. Let me be very clear with you all," he began, catching the eyes of the Todd, the Janitor, and some of the surgical meatheads who happened to be nearby.

"If I catch any of youâ€¦picking on Newbie, teasing him or even making some gay joke you think is so funny to make yourself more comfortable, I will personally see to it that you will know how it feels to have something so deeply embedded in your ass that you will become wheelchair bound. My foot up all of your asses. It won't be pretty folks, so buckle up and shut up. I do have the influence to get your sorry asses fired so think twice before you open your pigeonholes for mouths," Dr. Cox warned, pulling my hand as we walked off together. Everyone stayed silent, frozen in shock, at least until we had gone out of hearing range.

"Dr. Coxâ€¦?" I piped up after briskly walking through the corridors with our hands together for everyone to gawk at. He didn't respond, just stopped abruptly when we arrived at his patients' room. Before stepping inside, he looked at me softly, causing my heart to hit my ribcage. "This isn't going to be easy, kid," he said. \_I had a feeling he wasn't just talking about our relationship becoming public. Holy cow. I'm in a relationship with Dr. Cox! Ahhhhhhh! \_As I screamed internally, I met his patient, Ian Layman, who looked lifeless. Concern replaced all of the other emotions I was having as he extended his hand out to shake mine. He didn't say anything. "I'm Dr. Dorian. What brings youâ€¦" Dr. Cox placed the clipboard in my hands before I could finish, interrupting my sentence to speak to him, "Look, this world is a fucked up place. But you gotta hang in there. Everyone knows people are bastards with bastard filling, but kid, \_you've\_ gotta plug yourself up. People who wanna tell you how to live your life don't know how to control their own. I know it can be a lot sometimesâ€¦but you gotta remember what matters," he said.

The papers read that Ian had tried to kill himself by an overdose. \_God, I'm so distracted I couldn't tell that's what was going on?\_ His lips were blackened and all of the others signs were waving red flags in my face suddenly. Ian didn't respond, he just stared solemnly at his blanket. "Ian," Dr. Cox prompted, surprising us both when he grabbed my hand to hold again. Panic washed through me and I tried to snatch my hand away but he only held it tighter. Ian's face had turned into a scowl as he eyed us. "It's not-he's just trying to prove a point, Ian. I'm not \_gay\_, " I defended myself, feeling Perry's eyes flicker from him to me angrily. "\_Newbie\_, " he snapped, face flaring.

I moved my mouth but the words didn't come out. "It's nawwwttt a bad thing to be furiously attracted to a handsome stud of a doctor because he has the same sexual organs as you. And if you hadn't noticed, I'm allowing us to be a teaaaaaam, which I know you constantly fantasize about in that fluffy little airhead of yours," Dr. Cox said to me, still holding my hand. I turned to the boy sitting in his bed, eyes flickering with sadness. He was trying not to cry. \_He's not going to judge meâ€¦what's wrong with me? Also...Dr. Cox was right! He was teaming us up! We're equals now!\_ As I squealed internally with excitement from my last thought, I smiled wistfully and then quickly turned solemn to match the mood.

Dr. Cox could see what he said had worked, dropped my hand and sat on the bed with Ian. "How am I supposed to live with the constant threat of harassment, abandonment, disapproval, and abuse just because of who I am? I've tried to change because it's physically and mentally dangerous. I know there's nothing wrong with being gay. Millions of

species are gay. I'm not an idiot. I'm just fucking tired," Ian said, staring at the wall ahead of him. My heart sank, as did my eyes. Dr. Cox seemed very sad in that moment. We all were. But Ianâ€¦it had made him tired of living.

I decided to sit down next to Dr. Cox on his bed. "I uhâ€¦can't pretend to know what you're going through, Ian. I mean, I've had feelings for Dr. Cox since I've met him but I didn't accept them until, well, last night," I confessed, looking down at my hands. Dr. Cox was looking down at the hands I was fiddling with, suppressing a smile. It encouraged me to keep going. "But I will tell you this. Any dirty looks we receive, anybody who abandons us because of who we love, wellâ€¦they're not worth our time anyway. As for abuse and harassmentâ€¦unfortunately, being gay can incite that but being an annoying child, being a woman walking down the street, voicing your favorite football team, any of those can incite violence. You can't let the fear of violence keep you from walking out of your front door in the morning, man. Find the people who will love you unconditionally and ignore the ones who don't," I finished, studying Ian's worried expressions. "Yeah well, what hurts the most is when the people who are supposed to love you unconditionally want to hurt you and leave you on the street to die," Ian said simply, still lifelessly staring at the wall.

## 10. Chapter 10

### Dr. Cox POV

Oxygen filled my lungs as I inhaled deeply after Newbie's speech. "Boy, I hear that. My parents were alcoholic drunks that beat us at every turn. It's turned me into a cynical bastard and somehow, this kid still thinks the sun shines out of my ass," I said simply, rolling my lips. Newbie's cheeks turned rosy, egging me on. "I'll tell you a secret, there, kid. But ya can't tell Belinda over here because she might get a little hot and stuffy in her panties," I motioned to JD, pretending to whisper at Ian. Ian's dull brown eyes met mine finally.

"He's the sun the shines out of my perfectly sculpted ass and the reason is because it is literally impossible for him to be anyone else. And thank gawd for that, because I swear I never thought I'd get out of the darkness, kid. It's not just about coming out of the closet. It's about slamming the door behind you, locking it and throwing away the key with the vow to never ever return. Don't let that shitty place take you down. You deserve to walk around in the open with the rest of us," Dr. Cox said. And with that, he nodded to the kid and we stood and looked at each other.

"If you need anything, even just someone to talk to, you can come talk to us," I said, noticing Newbie giving himself a self-five internally for the usage of "us". Ian nodded and slumped into his bed. "Thanks," he said simply. After checking his vitals, we started walking out of the room. "Hey, Dr. D," he called. Newbie turned to him. "Know where I can find some sunshine?" he asked. Before he could respond, he said, "If it were up my ass I'd know where it was," and laughed.

As the day progressed, Newbie and I hadn't seen each other for several hours which gave me much needed time to think. I slept with



Newbie. I paraded our relationship around in front of everyone. I told him how I felt. Now, I have no idea what to do. I shouldn't have gone that far with the kid without thinking about what could come of it. \_I pictured Ian as Newbie, and shudders went down my spine as I stepped into the elevator. I snapped to my left, noticing the Hulk maintenance man. "You're welcome," the Janitor said. A scowl crept onto my face, clenching my fists in my coat pockets. "What are you talking about, ya big bafoon?" I scoffed. "You guys slept together," the Janitor proclaimed, making my skin boil.

We stepped out into the hall. \_What's he getting at?!\_ I thought wildly. "And?" I said through gritted teeth. "Hah, hah, hah! Told you so. Didn't I tell ya? Ohh, I told ya. I told ya good," he laughed, sticking his pompous chin out. I crossed my arms. "I love getting what I want," the Janitor said. I raised my eyebrows at him as we turned the corner. "I won't be alone in my bullying anymore. There will be mini me's everywhere. Thanks to \_you\_, buddy," he playfully tried to punch me, but I successfully dodged it. I gave him a death glare and left him standing there as I went to tend on a patient.

\_Newbie will never be in that kid's place. That's just nawt going to happen because I'm not going to let it happen.\_

\_JD POV\_

At first I thought we had just been missing each other over the past few hours, but then I realized that Dr. Cox was actively avoiding me. Every time I saw him, he'd turn the corner, head into a room, or just simply turn the other way and walk away from me. I started to mope and drag my feet. \_What's his problem anyway? He told me he wasn't going to do this to me. \_"Dr. Cox!" I yelled, running up to him at the Nurse's station. I grinned at him, but it was returned with a grimace. "Go find someone else to pester, Shiloh, I'm done handing you treats," he snapped. "Why are you ignoring me?" I asked, flustered from the run and his dismissal. Dr. Cox chose not to answer and walked off, hitting my shoulder as he did so. I watched him walk away, pain seeping into my face.

The day dragged on. I managed to ignore the pang in my throat that came and went, but my heart felt heavy.

I caught up with Turk in the hallway. "JD, what is going on? Why did Dr. Cox hold your hand and warn everybody about your gayness? Did something happen with you and him?" I blinked. \_C'mon man, can't you see I'm not in the mood to talk about it?\_ I looked off and shrugged. Turk studied me, seemingly slightly surprised at my response. He nodded and then clapped his hands. "Alright man, I know just what will cheer you up," he reassured.

We sat on the railing outside of the hospital and ate pudding. "Carla wants to throw me a birthday party like I'm some twelve year old kid with no friends. I don't want a party, I just want to go to the bar, have a couple of drinks, go home and take a bath. Is that too much for a guy to ask for?" Turk complained. "At least she's paying attention to you," I retorted, dipping into my pudding.

Turk looked at me until I looked at him. "You know I'm your best friend, right?" he asked dumbly. \_What kind of question is that?\_ "Well that explains a lot of things," I replied with lazy sarcasm. He

hopped off of the railing. "I'm not gonna judge you, man, tell me what happened between you and Dr. Cox," he insisted. I hesitated. "If you act grossed out, I won't talk to you for a week! It'll be really hard but I can do it," I warned, hopping off of the railing too.

Turk placed his hands on his hips. "Come on, dude, I can handle it. I mean it's not like you guys slept together," he brushed off. I just stared into his chocolate eyes, hoping he would understand my silence. He did. Shock flew onto his face, leaving him speechless for a few moments.

. "You slept with Dr. Cox?" he managed. "Yeah, and now he won't talk to me," I responded sadly. This immediately angered Turk, which is also why I didn't want to tell him. "I could have told you that that would happen! It's Dr. Cox! JD, why didn't you tell me?!" he exclaimed.

"Turk, calm down, it just happened last night," I said. "Nah, man, why didn't you tell me that you had feelings for the guy?" he asked, feeling hurt. "I didn't really know that I did until last night," I tried explaining. Turk didn't buy it and shook his head. "Honest!" I insisted. "Yeah, right. You've had feelings for him this whole time, but you didn't want to admit it to yourself, huh?" he pushed. I looked off. "Whatever, man. I'll forgive you for that. But I ain't forgiving him for doing this to you," he pointed at me. I pleaded with him, "C-Bear, I'm fine. He's probably just freaking out a little." Turk raised his eyebrows at me. "Well he shoulda thought about it before seducing you," he concluded, giving a nod. "It was in the heat of the moment. One second we're cuddling on the couch, the next we're cuddling in his bed, the next he's kissing me, then I get aroused and he gets-"

"Dude!" Turk interrupts, scowling. "Yeah, you're right I shouldn't think about that too much," I quiver, covering my giblets. Turk looks down at my coverage, "Mr. Peeps, you stay in your hiding place until I say it's safe to come out," he said. My eyes widen. He was already walking away, doing his "I'm on a mission" walk. "Oh, dear god, no." "Turk!" He chuckled up the deuces and headed back inside.

"Mr. Peeps will do just fine on his own! Turk!"

Chocolate Bear disappeared fast and it was impossible to find him so I started asking all of the staff if they'd seen him. No one had. My shift was coming to an end and I spotted Carla heading to the bathroom. "Carla! Do you know where Turk is?" she stopped and looked at me with surprise at my urgency. But she also seemed really on edge. I wondered if she was trying to keep a secret. "He left an hour ago, Bambi. Dr. Cox left too in case you were wondering," she included, giving me a look. "Guess I'll see him at home. Are you leaving soon?" I asked her. She nodded, "Yeah, I'll be home in forty five minutes or so." I turned to leave and she called after me, "Bambi!"

I looked back at Carla, who was heading toward me briskly. "Turk went to talk to Dr. Cox!" she blurted and then clamped her hands over her mouth. Classic Carla. "What?" I clenched my backpack straps, gulping. "Bambi, look, Dr. Cox might listen to him. Turk knows you best after all, maybe he will get some answers out of him," she reasoned. Grunting frustratedly, I turn and ran out of the hospital.

Carla is going to give me shit for leaving that way but I don't care at the moment. Turk is at Dr. Cox's apartment talking to himâ€which is only going to make it worse. I got on my newly fixed scooter (and rode toward Dr. Cox's. I could hear my heart thumping loudly in my ears with my helmet on as I tried to think of what I wanted to say.

## 11. Chapter 11

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

I swung another glass down my scratchy throat, wincing at the tenderness. \_Damn fluffy Newbie probably got me sick.\_ I set the empty glass down and set my hands over my face. When I closed my eyes, I got the spins. I opened my eyes and decided to fixate my eyes on the glass\_. I can't see him anymoreâ€not like that. I can't do that to him.\_ Someone knocked on my door. I stumbled toward the front door, hoping it was Newbie. I punished myself for the thought.

It was Gandhi.

"Hey, Dr. Cox," he said simply. I scowled, clutching the doorframe to keep my balance. "Uh-huh," I said, prompting him to get to the point. The bald tubbo-no-longer shifted uncomfortably. "Can I come in? I need to talk to you about JD," he explained. I forced a laugh. I could tell by his expression he could tell how drunk I was. "Nooooo, you may not come in, Gandhi. Please tell me you're not here to fight Carmen's battles for her," I nearly stuttered, slurring my words. "Look, man, JD told me what happened and right after it happened, you decide to ignore him for the whole day. I know it's just the day after but I came to stop you in your tracks. He deserves to know what's going on. You're going to drive him crazy," Gandhi said. "Well first of all, Turla, what's going on between me and Newbie is noooooone of your business, mmkay? And secondly, what do you know about what's good for him, huh?" I glared at him through hazy eyes.

"Dr. Cox, he's my best friend. So yeah, I know what's good for him. You need to talk to him," he scoffed. "Haven't I done enough?!" I snapped. That shut him up. I regained my posture, slowly beginning to shut the door on him. He held his hand out to stop my action. "You may think you're protecting JD from getting hurt, but that's what you're doing right now, dude!" he snapped back. I managed to close the door despite his efforts and shut it behind me.

I slid against the door, holding my head in my hands. I could hear Gandhi pouting and walk off, muttering to himself. The scotch lead my head to imaginary visions of Newbie and I walking down the street together. I leave his side for only a moment when Newbie starts getting shoved and assaulted by passerby. I cringed, thinking of the idea of his self worth dwindling because of me, as he could eventually spiral down into a depression no one could pull him out of. \_All because I couldn't keep my hands to myself. \_I managed to get up and find my way to the couch, where I flung myself onto.

Megan wouldn't be able to handle the consequences of being with me, let alone just being with me. I slammed my eyes close, thinking of Newbie getting offended over every little thing I'd do or didn't do,

with the consequence of constant fighting. Although he does seem to bounce back and reads into my actions for what they are. But the thought of him being with me caused every cell of my emotionally repressed self shudder in pain. I'd bring him more pain than I already do. A goddamn lump developed in my throat as I was very intoxicated and Newbie's stupid face wouldn't get out of my brain.

I have to give him credit though. The kid has a big heart. I thought of all the times when he cheered me on, talked proudly of me, offered support, did what he thought was right despite what I thought, which influenced me and mostly the fact that no matter what I say to JD, for some odd reason, he'll love me and be there for me anyway. Tears rolled from my squeezed eyes, as the liquor threatened to make an appearance. Once I had begun over-thinking, I couldn't stop. He seriously drives me insane.

I was already dehydrated, but the water I was losing over some other man, half my age and the complete polar opposite of me in every way, certainly did not help. I retrieved tissues, feeling like the ashamed wimp I was, and landed back on the couch. I blurrily looked for my glass, sniffing as I dribbled the amber liquid out of the bottle. Still, the thought of not having JD around wrecked my head, drilling the bullets down my drunken flushed cheeks. I don't want to lose that kid. It's not like Gandhi doesn't have a point, but leaving him be would still do the least amount of damage I can do after everything I've already started. Luckily, sleep claimed me quickly after I took one last swig of scotch.

JD POV

I panted outside of Dr. Cox's door, waiting to knock so I could catch my breath first. Nervousness overwhelmed me as I lifted my fist to knock. What if Turk is still there? I wondered and decided to knock anyway. Nothing. I panicked, thinking he may just leave me there knocking all night because he might still be ignoring me. I shook the thought from my mind and knocked again. Still nothing. "Dr. Cox!" I called through the wood. I jiggled the door handle, to find it unlocked. I edged into his apartment slowly, staring at the sight on the couch. I stood in his doorway, feeling the blood drain from my face as my heart nearly stopped. Dr. Cox was hanging on the couch with an empty bottle of scotch lying on the table and a few tissues crowded around. I found the courage to walk toward my hunky sad mentor, staring at his buried face. "Dr. Cox?" I bent down and put my hand on his incredibly warm shoulder. I could smell the scotch on him, but his naturally good scent wafted in the air more. He didn't budge. Oh, god! He just drunk himself to death! Worriedly I shook him, "Dr. Cox!"

His eyes inched open as he lifted his face out of the cushion to look at me. "Newbie, no. I'm not going to sweep you off your feet and carry you into school," he mumbled, clearly very drunk. I just kept looking at him, noticing how puffy and red his eyes were. Had he been crying? He pushed himself up as I knelt before him. He sat upright as I began standing. "Look, kid, this isn't working out," he said flatly, almost stumbling as he stood to meet me eye to eye. What got into him?! I glowered at him, trying not to show how upset I was.

"Why are you doing this?" I tried to ask angrily, but it just came

out in a pleading voice instead. Dr. Cox looked down and peered up at me. The whites in his eyes were more like the reds in his eyes. "Were you crying?" I said above a whisper, stepping in closer to him. "How does you got me \_sick\_ grab ya?" he slurred at me. He almost fell over just standing there, and I reached out to catch him, grabbing his shoulders. Dr. Cox put his hands on my forearms and brought my hands down. "What have I told you about my nooo touching policy?" he stammered, trying his darrest to glare at me. "Well you sure have done a lot of violating your own policy, \_Perry\_!" I exclaimed. He glared harder, which I didn't know was possible.

"Next time you feel the need to say my name, Tish, I'm begging you to reconsider. Because I really don't want to have to tell all the others girls at school what a nawwwghtie girl you've been. Now why don't you make like a good little girl and go ride your bike home to your mommy and daddy," he said. "You know what?! I think you're scared!" I accused. Dr. Cox managed to cross his arms. "You're scared of being with me because you don't want to be seen as the big bad guy who fell for the sensy!" I continued. "\_Sensy\_?" he hissed. "It's what us sensitive guys call each other. But you're a \_mean\_". See that's what we call-" I began but was interrupted. "Newbie! I don't care what you like to call yourself to help you sleep at night. I don't want to \_deal\_ with you more than I have to. And yes I'll admitâ€¦I sadly wasn't faking anything that happened between us but it's got to stop because this-" he pointed between the two of us, "is a train wreck waiting to happen. I'm an emotionally crippled narcissist and you're Miss Sally Sensitive USA and nawwwt to mentionâ€¦"

It was my turn to interrupt him, "I think we compliment each other and I think you think so too so why don't you just cut out the bullshit and tell me the real reason you're pushing me away, huh?!" He just stiffened, staring at me through glazed drunken eyes. "I don't believe you. This isn't how you treat someone that you care about. This isn't fair and you know it," I continued, choking back tears. Dr. Cox's eyes became fiery in that instant.

"On the count of three, you better be out of my apartment. And I don't want to see you trying to crawl your way back to me with your tail in between your legs. One," he began counting. I didn't falter, but I couldn't hold back the tears pillowing out. I looked away. "Two," he said louder. I met his eyes. They weren't mad anymore. "Three," he finished as I had started walking toward the door. I didn't even bother shutting the door behind me.

\_Dr. Cox POV\_

I stared at my front door that JD had left wide open. \_He's crying. Because of me. You made him cry, you idiot. \_I squeezed my eyes shut and hung my head, defeated. I solemnly walked towards the door and stared into the empty hallway. \_It's for his own good. It may hurt now but it'll save him a hell of a lot of hurt later. I did this for you, Newbie. I definitely didn't do it for me. \_I closed the door and headed straight to my bed. My head was spinning. I couldn't shake the numbness taking over my existence as I fell onto my bed.

\_JD POV\_

The way home was a complete blur, mainly because I was crying like a big baby the whole way. I walked straight into my room and sat on my

bed, still crying motionlessly. Why was he doing this? He loves me. He wouldn't lie about that. But now he doesn't want to deal with me? I laid down and balled up, thinking about our love making. I couldn't stop the cries escaping my throat now. I was scared Turk or Carla might hear me, so I muffled them in my pillow. My heart hasn't ever hurt this much. The world was crashing down around me, with chunks smashing into my body over and over again. I pulled my phone out of my pocket and started swiping through pictures I had sneakily taken of Dr. Cox as he was working or yelling at me to put my phone away. I smiled, knowing he'd pretend to think that that was creepy.

I cried myself to sleep, with my phone in my hand.

## 12. Chapter 12

The next day, I dragged my feet into the hospital, hoping no one would notice how puffy my eyes were from the night before. Turk was awaiting me with a crouched back to me, hands extended. He was prompting me for an Eagle and I sighed, smiling a little. I just walked around him and patted my buddy on the back. "Sorry, C-bear, my back is feeling a little stiff today," I lied. Turk straightened up and followed me to wherever I was going. I tried to avoid looking straight at him so he wouldn't see my eyes.

"Whoa, whoa, JD. Stop for a minute. Dude, are you okay?" he asked, hand resting on my shoulder. "I'm fine, Turk," I lied again. \_God I hate lying to my best friend.\_ "Damn it what did he do to you?! I told him to make it right between you two!" he exclaimed defensively. "Nothing! He didn't do anything! I'm fine. Leave me alone and don't go butting your head into other peoples' business anymore. You're worse than Carla!" I shot back. Turk frowned. \_Uh-oh.\_ He huffed, shaking his head and walked off. \_I'll have to apologize for that later.\_ I kept walking, now in an even more sour mood because I pissed off my other half.

I headed into an empty patient's room to get a breather. \_This is going to be a long day.\_ I slouched against cabinets, closing my eyes and fighting back tears. \_I don't want his help. I don't want anyone's help. I just want Perry to come up to me and tell me he didn't mean it. But he's too proud. No way. Be a man. Quit crying about it. No wonder he calls you so many girls names.\_ As I reminded myself that his sexist jokes had too much of an effect on me, I felt a presence next to me so I opened my eyes. I jumped, startled to see Dr. Cox standing there with his arms crossed.

"Do ya wanna write about it in your diary?" he taunted. I half rolled my eyes and brushed past him, but felt his firm hand grabbing my arm.

Dr. Cox got closer to me. "Listen here, Newbie. You know as well as I do that being with someone as the same junk as you is dangerous business. And I refuse to be the bullet you load into a gun that winds up pressed to your temple because someone had a bad day and decided to call you a \_f\*\*\_." My heart dropped. The word hurt worse than I had expected, even coming from him. Dr. Cox let go and backed away, watching the pain register in my eyes.

"I know you think I am Newbie, but I'm not a hero. I can't save you from everyone and I certainly can't save you from yourself," he

confessed softly. I let my eyes stare at the linoleum floor. \_So that's what this is about. \_I looked back up at him and moved forward. A slight scowl crept onto his face. "Why don't you stop worrying about me for one second and just let me make my own decisions? I'm not a little girl. But honestly I think you underestimate how strong girls are. They might even be emotionally strongerâ€|I mean look at us. We're a mess," I paused as he inhaled.

I continued, "And I \_told\_ youâ€|"

He'd allowed me to come within inches from his softening face. "That I love you. I don't care who tries to hurt me for it. You know as well as I do that as long as I have you, that won't matter," I finished.

Dr. Cox looked at me sternly, "Damn it all kid, I'm worried that \_I'm going to hurt you," he admitted through gritted teeth. My heart leapt. \_Wow.\_ I wasn't expecting to hear that.

I grabbed his hand to hold, staring down at them as he slowly returned my gesture. "Or I could hurt you. But I have never wanted anything this badly in my life and you're going to hurt me more if you try to take that away from me because you're trying to protect me," I reasoned.

He laid his other hand on the back on my neck and pulled me in to kiss him. The contact sent bolts through my whole body. His lips moved slowly and purposefully on mine, making me crave him. Perry's touch was so sweet it was giving me a much needed sugar high as I nearly shuddered from the fingertips embedding in my hair. I broke free from our hand holding to embrace him while we kissed.

It quickly got heated as we pressed against each other, grasping and pulling each other closer. His lips were fervent as I felt his tongue meet mine. I could feel how sorry he was in the way he was kissing and pulling at me so gently. Dr. Cox cradled my face and pulled away to look into my eyes. A tear that had been welding escaped and he wiped it away. A pleading look of concern came over his face, so I met his mouth again, daringly sliding my hands down his scrubs to squeeze his butt. Much to my giddiness, he gasped at my touch and ran his hands under my shirt. His bare hands grazed over my back and down to my waist as he kissed me slowly and deeper.

Our erections pressed against each other as moans started erupting from me. I could practically feel his hard-on throbbing as I pushed him against the cabinets with my body. My hands left his butt and began undoing his bottoms. Dr. Cox acted likewise, but somehow managed to slid mine off my butt first. I couldn't help but wonder if he'd locked the door, but my mind quickly came off of that and back to the strong hands that had started fondling me. He looked from my eyes to my lips as he jerked me off, pulling me closer to him with his other hand on my butt.

Dr. Cox POV

Newbie's blue eyes wouldn't stop egging me on as I stroked him. Him and his navy blue scrubs had been taunting me forever. I whipped him around, leaving his dick alone and licked the fingers that had been on him and grazed them into his cheeks. Newbie moaned, pressed up

against the cabinets, awaiting me. I put the tip of me in between and put my mouth up to his damn cute pointy ear. "What have you done to me, JD?" I breathed and pushed in a little further. "You want a piece of this?" he moaned at me. I was in him now, thrusting into his body. "I'll have the whole cake," I whispered into his ear, eliciting a hearty grunt from him. My hands were pulling his ass toward me as I pounded into him. He forcefully took one of my hands and brought it to his cock. I did as he asked and pumped him hard, nipping at his ear. "Fuck me, Perry," he cried loudly. I was slamming into him so roughly now, I was slightly worried I was hurting him, but the kid just cried out, wounding his hands around me head and sinking them into my hair. The cabinets banged with the rhythm of our loud fucking. My free hand turned his face to kiss and bite his plump lips. He moaned enthusiastically against my lips, breathing roughly. I kissed him along his neck and nuzzled my face in his hair. He was so tight. His scent smelled so good it was basically intoxicating.

Newbie started cumming all over my hand and the drawers, making me lose it at the same time. Everything that had been pent up inside of me in the past several years I had just evacuated inside of him, as we both moaned from the bottom of our stomachs. It was a long finish for both of us, as we still thrust into each other, panting. We finally ended our collective organism and stayed in that position.

"Holy shit, the whole hospital probably heard that," he said above a whisper, out of breath. He propped himself on the cabinets as I pulled out of him. I watched as I spilled out on the floor. Newbie looked down at himself. "I've neverâ€¦.Oh god, that was amazing," he panted, turning around to face me. Still half naked, I pulled him into a hug, holding his head. I could feel his stupid big goofy grin happening on my shoulder. "Hold me, Perry," he said happily. I pulled away a little, gripping his shoulders. "Dear mother of god, this is the person I just can't get enough of. What in hell's name is wrong with me?" JD clung onto me, tightening his arms. He inhaled. "You finally have me," he responded smugly. I stifled a chuckle against him, "Oh ho ho, now wait a minute there, sunshine. You've always been \_my\_ Newbie."

"Yeah, but I was almost not you're Newbie," he pouted, still hugging onto me for dear life. "Nooooooooo, you still would've been \_my\_ Newbie whether I could have you naked and swooning over me or \_nawt\_," I said. I pulled away, seeing how red Curly Sue's face was. She couldn't even look at me. I pulled up my pants and tried not to laugh at the for-once-speechless half naked man I just fucked the hell out of in an empty hospital room. Snapping to it, he hurriedly pulled up his pants and cleared his throat. I thought that meant he was going to speak, but I guess nawt.

He finally looked at me with his wide doe eyes. "S-soâ€¦you would've gone on have feelings for me even if you didn't date me?" he piped up. I couldn't help it. I pulled the nut in for another damn hug, laughing against his startled body. "Newbie! How stupid can you be?" Usually I'd hear some whiney rebuttal at that comment, like 'Hey! That's not nice! Do you know how much I do for you?! And this is how you repay me?!' but instead, he squeezed me and nuzzled his face in neck. "Thank you for loving me, Dr. Cox," he said quietly. I blinked. After a moment of bewilderment, I said, "Are you kidding? Thanks for loving my sorry ass, kid." Newbie pulled away slightly, looking into



my eyes. In that moment, I don't think he'd ever been more beautiful to me. He began leaning in to kiss me and I followed suit, stroking his innocent face.

End  
file.